

THE COLLEGIAN



St. Joseph's College

COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA



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NO. 1

LA PETITE FLEUR

A little flow'r the Infant spied,
As lightly His Garden He trod;
So tiny and frail, it had almost died
While groping its way through the sod.

With noiseless feet the Infant sped;
Approached with tender sigh
The delicate babe in her snowy bed,
New born, yet to death so nigh.

A holy life the patient wrought,
Through deeds unseen, unknown;
Both soul and body Jesus bought
And claimed them for his own.

Now heav'ly songs of angels ring,
As roses fall in a shower
To earth where the faithful homage bring
To Therese, the Little Flower.

M. Dreiling '30.

GOING WITH THE SUN

The feeble rays of the declining sun, peeping through the crimson leaves of autumn, spied a little log cabin in the forest depths, where a gay young maiden sat listening to the last words of her fond old father. Often before had he entranced her by his alluring tales which in number exceeded those of Scheherazade, who told a thousand and one to pacify the wrath of her husband towards her country women. Generally, when the sun like a blazing shipwreck on the calm sea, slowly disappeared beyond the horizon; when the birds stealthily in the quiet hush flitted through bush and tree on their homeward way; when the leaves like pendulums swayed to and fro in the soft breeze; then was her father wont to tell his tales of woe. For many long days had his daughter been anticipating the time when she should enjoy the promised story, "Going With the Sun." The time at last had approached when, as the sun went down, the maiden at the feet of her beloved father attentively hearkened to the following story:

"In the heart of a large city stands an old mansion, famed world-wide for its antiquity and structural beauty. Its massive walls and lofty pillars witnessed three generations; yet it still stands in all its dignity and splendor. Around the old mansion gigantic elm trees rise into the deep and boundless azure of the sky. The heavy laden branches, from which happy birds used to sing their songs of praise, spread far and wide in a most graceful manner. If aroused by the wind, however, these lofty elms would howl and lash the aged abode like the raging sea, when it dashes its waves of scorn upon the puny sailor. When undisturbed by the elements it was a

quiet and lovely Utopia, an ideal paradise. Could the trees but paint the scenes of woe and remorse they had witnessed, or could they but utter the heroic stories they had heard, their tales would by far surpass the power of Shakespeare and the eloquence of Cicero.

"The dwellers in this paradise were two young people, the husband distinguished as the world's foremost violinist, and his wife renowned no less as a pianist. Fortune not only smiled upon them but showered upon them every gift that the human heart could desire. For three years—seemingly days—bliss, contentment, and joy reigned supreme in the old sanctuary. When the fourth year had scarcely elapsed providence blessed them with a little babe, the light of the home, the incentive of overflowing joy.

"I have often repeated, my child, that if there is a path up the hill, there is also one down the hill. And thus it was early in the nesting season, when earth's crust was pregnant with the peeping messengers of spring; when the atmosphere was gay with the harmonious songs of the birds; when the elm trees once more appeared in their garb of thick velvet green, that a "diverse fate", as the ancients would say, plagued these God-fearing people.

"It was the eve of St. Patrick; the hour of eight had already struck, when the father in an attempt to lull the babe to sleep, was hurriedly walking to and fro in the spacious halls. Now and then he hesitated to note the disturbance of the elements, or of the elms. These, bending humbly to the wind's command, violently dashed their heavy branches. Within the sacred abode awe and holy silence hovered. The halls and chambers were totally dark, save for one candle which guided the footsteps of an old servant.

Through the dim rays of the candle, one could clearly perceive the silhouette of two persons moving back and forth in a seemingly reverend and solemn attitude. Closer observation disclosed three, nay four, father, child, servant, and mother. When, due to the thick darkness that prevailed outside, the light of the one candle proved unsatisfactory, the father lit another candle. But as he turned to toss the match away, he stood aghast, moving neither body nor lips. He heard the footsteps of a thief in the distance. In his sudden agitation he rushed to the bedside of his wife. Every moment the steps became heavier and louder. In vain would he have drawn his sword, my child, for it was an invincible thief, a thief that the Greek Ulysses and the Trojan Hector feared; a thief that yielded to neither wall nor man. The father, realizing the impending danger, grasped the child from its sleep and placed it in the arms of its mother. Before the thief had snatched her last breath, the mother kissed her child, and unwillingly let it fall back upon the pillow. The thief, having fulfilled his command, fled, leaving behind a child upon the bosom of its lifeless mother and a heart-broken father.

"After that the father, though wanting in years, grew more and more feeble. His countenance which was at one time the very reflection of happiness now showed marks of melancholy and sorrow. Through the bushy black hair, falling loosely about his head, silvery threads rapidly made their appearance. His feet, though well they knew the way, now needed the guidance of a stick to assure safe walking for their master. The old masterpieces which he once played with unsurpassing skill now served as an ornament on the shelf, for his fingers, old and shaky, refused to keep the proper time. To him public appearances were an evil necessity, and, a longing to live in the

quiet bounds of God's own seclusion crept relentlessly upon him, until he yielded to its impelling force.

"This, my child, is the reason that you and I have withdrawn from the city to these silent woods. Here among the innumerable trees, as God first planted them in the wilderness, we have spent a life which even kings and queens would envy. Here the hunting fields have been our market; the babbling brook our well; this log cabin our studio; the porch in front our theater; and the rustling of the leaves our applause. We have taken the best that He has offered. Repay you then for these wonderful blessings, for I am going with the sun."

The thin ruby rays from the crest of the half-obstructed sun, seeking their weary way through the dense woods of autumn, spied on the threshold of the crude structure a sorrow-laden maiden bowing over a spiritless form, and pondering over the story, "Going With the Sun."

Killian H. Dreiling, '30.

THE LAUREATE ARTIST

As the overwhelming tide of the romantic movement in English letters swept over Britain, it obliterated the effete standards of previous periods and laid the foundations of an age that was to add to the literary crown of England a never-fading glory. This age of poetry, glorified by such names as Byron, Keats, Shelley, and Wordsworth, produced works that satisfied the complete gamut of the finest impulses of the mind and heart. By synthesizing the most exquisite elements of thought and sensation, and by reflecting the spontaneity and sincerity in nature and

man, English Romanticism traced for itself a course in which succeeding ages have found undying interest.

In marked contrast with the poetic abundance of the romantic age, the Victorian period seems to be unprolific in the art of letters. If one should follow out the genealogy of the period of Queen Victoria, he would discover the characteristics symbolic of her age. Cedric, the Saxon King, would lay claim to strength and idealism, while William the Conqueror would receive his due portion in culture and refinement. Though there is a measure of truth in the opinion that Victorian literature is materialistic and that it evinces no more appeal than the old-fashioned furniture and dresses of the queen herself, yet even a slight analysis will show that the force of this robust intellectual era is not yet exhausted. Perhaps it is well to remember how we smiled at or even ridiculed the blundering judgment of Spenser who, in unpremeditated thought, failed to perceive in his own age the power and capability of literary greatness. If the present should make us forget our smile at the blindness of Spenser, some future time will perchance find us in a sore embarrassment for resolving the Victorian age into an age of materialism.

To justify this contention regarding the undoubted value of the Victorian literature, it will not be necessary to bring a select coterie of literary geniuses into this scope; but it will be amply sufficient to rehearse briefly the discoveries made in the works of one of its representatives, albeit an outstanding one, the poet laureate, Alfred Lord Tennyson.

Obviously, Tennyson is the most representative literary man of the Victorian era. Long, in an unbiased criticism of him, writes: "Tennyson suggests the dreaminess of Spenser, the majesty of Milton, the natural simplicity of Wordsworth, the fantasy of

Blake and Coleridge, the melody of Keats and Shelley, the narrative vigor of Scott and Byron,—all these striking qualities are evident on successive pages of Tennyson's poetry. The only thing lacking is the dramatic power of the Elizabethans. Not unworthily then did Tennyson early accede to the lofty position of poet laureate. If the dramatic facility which popularized the Elizabethans is lacking in a poet, that fact certainly does not detract from the fame due to his other perfections; for the fame that attaches to the memory of Dante, Homer, and Virgil—and no greater fame did yet exist—does not rest solely upon the drama.

It is beyond doubt that Tennyson was an artist. The fact that clearness in thought, wealth of expression, realistic yet delicate representation of the outward world are preeminent in the works of Tennyson, necessarily makes him an artist. In Tennyson, moreover, there are mingled with these fundamental requisites, simplicity flowing from a simple character; conscious stateliness arising out of his pleasant and unobtrusive reverence for his own individuality; and all-submissive faithfulness to beauty and loveliness.

After a perusal of Shakespeare or Browning the reader who intended to pass a few hours in peaceful relaxation, finds himself wearied in mind from excessive concentration. The dreadful and involved passions of mankind as set forth by Shakespeare, and the subtle and distant analogies of human nature in which Browning takes his pride, comprise no subject matter for pleasant reading. In poring over any work of Tennyson, however, the book enthusiast stumbles over no such obstructions, for no attempt to enter the obscure and vexatious regions of metaphysics and theology is evidenced. Tennyson employs

delightful simplicity and clearness; he is not to be studied but to be enjoyed.

Since Tennyson did not delve into profound themes, it seems to be a logical conclusion that he was incapable of doing so. The ability for treating laborious subjects, however, was not lacking, but he avoided with deliberate forethought, whatever could not receive expression with lucidity of thought and simplicity of form. If he did not choose thoughts in philosophy and theology, he conveyed a true impression of them in art—that is “in beautiful form proceeding outwards from impassioned feeling”.

United to Tennyson’s choice simplicity and rare clearness is an uncanny skill, inoffensively presenting his personality to the attention of the reader. “Reverencing oneself” is an invidious term especially as applied to a poet like Byron who constantly spreads out his obtrusive character before us. We love, however, the self-respecting individuality that pervades the works of Tennyson; that forms an inherent quality in his art, augmenting its power. When a poet, regarding himself as a prophet endowed with the ability to announce beauty and truth, and considering himself a teacher dedicated to the study of delighting, consoling, and exalting mankind, reverences himself, he causes no unpleasantness, for such self-reverence is consistent with his avowed vocation. Milton and Wordsworth were never seen without their prophetic robes; Tennyson never forgot that it was his duty to “convince the world of truth, love, and beauty”, that it was his aim to perform this work worthily. In discussing this attitude on the part of a poet Brooke writes: “This conviction belongs to poets whose nature is hewn out of the living rock, enters as stateliness into all their verse, gives

it a moral virtue, a spiritual strength, and emerges in a certain grandeur or splendor of style more or less fine as the character is more or less nobly mixed." Since Tennyson profoundly felt his belief in the relation of the poet to mankind, he enlivened it as an element in every line he wrote, and thus dignity and stateliness in thought and style issued freely.

"Love not the world, nor the things of the world"—an inscription impressed on the heart of the true artist—is personified in Tennyson. That Tennyson expended unremitting effort to shape beauty into power and permanence; that throughout his life he was faithful to beauty, becomes manifest from the ennobling fact that he, with but very few exceptions, wrote that only which was worthy of love, joy, and reverence. To him the creation of the beautiful for the veneration, pleasure, and love of mankind, was a sacred task and from this task he derived untold delight.

The supreme threnody, "In Memoriam", attests and demonstrates the elaborate work of an artist; it is a work perfected by a man whose life was a whole-hearted devotion to study and practice. Being simple and near to the human heart "In Memoriam" enveloped its writer in a mist of passion and profound thought. Every possible delicate and exquisite emotion of the human soul receives expression in this elegiac poem. In the "Lead Kindly Light" John Henry Newman uttered the almost ineffable emotion that agitates the souls of mortals in enigmatical skepticism; he visualized a soul in supreme judgment. How similar to the experiences of Tennyson!

"I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope."

After having been thus subjected to the severe and inexorable harpings of cruel fate, Tennyson unfolded the conquest of the immortality of the soul over the problem of sorrow by the following solution:

“One God—one law—one element,
And one far off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.”

Such gleanings summarize the motives and stimuli of “In Memoriam”, which like massive lighthouses oppose the raging storms and through snow and mist emit the guiding beams of light that lead the navy of humanity securely over the seas of time to the shores of heavenly peace. A reading of “Break, Break, Break” or of “Crossing the Bar” leaves the reader with the conviction that he has experienced the thoughts, feelings, and emotions of an artist. With what conviction then will the reader rise from a perusal of “In Memoriam”? This song of lamentation is but a prolonged “Break, Break, Break” and a perfected “Crossing the Bar”,—the work of an artist.

Judging Tennyson by the criterion “What new thing has he said to the world or even to his own country?” critics have said that we are too near to Tennyson to judge him impersonally, yet he is acclaimed the poet, who more fully and exactly than any other, represents an epoch, great and significant, in the intellectual, social, industrial and artistic development of England. “The effects he produces are like those seen in rich paintings of historical or legendary themes—balanced, dignified, dramatic and in splendor of detail often approaching the gorgeous.” “Every line of Tennyson may be read for beauty of form and fancy, for painting and music as well as for moral and spiritual profit.” Encomiums are these, such as artists alone deserve.

Marcellus M. Dreiling '30.

AUTUMN

I love to stroll 'neath golden trees
When nature's at her best,
And feel the soft autumnal breeze
Blow gently from the west.

I love to hear the rustling leaves
Come whirling to the ground;
I love to see the droning bees
With pollen homeward bound.

The squirrels and chipmunks all around,
So busy gathering nuts,
Are scampering nimbly o'er the ground
To hoard them in their huts.

Such charms as these are autumn's gifts,
Enticing one and all
To saunter out beneath the drifts
Of fleecy clouds in fall.

So linger yet, thou welcome guest,
O glorious autumn time,
For thou art loved above the rest
Of nature's gifts sublime.

John W. Baechle, '30.

FROM KIDSKINS TO BALMORALS

The sheik's name was Francois. Hard luck had made him descend a few flights of the social stairs until at one of the landings he stumbled upon the number of his future employment. Disagreeable employment it was, yes, and very exacting in nature. Why did the finger of fate point so steadily to number 5? Well, it just took five letters to spell the word, "valet", and Francois, who had always been accustomed to be served, now learned that "valet" meant to give service. To Canada he wended his way as "Boss" Morton's flunkey. That was in the spring after Morton had put over the big Hammer-Head lumber proposition and now found himself in sufficient funds to afford luxuries. As for Francois it was the first time that he had ever stepped his "kidskins" off from hard pavements; it was his first acquaintance with what he called "life in the raw".

Francois had not coined the phrase that he now used to qualify the sort of life that he felt compelled to accept, but the romances of Zane Grey had told him all about the meaning of "life in the raw", and the further north his journey led him the more deeply did the meaning of the word "raw" drill its meaning into his mind. Raw, raw, and more raw everything became until he personally felt raw all over. Grey's romances—the works he loved to read because they made his eyes bulge and his heart flutter—informed him that the country to which he was going was rather savage and that it was filled with hunters who did a lot of shooting. Francois did not like shooting; unexpected noises of any sort always startled him and caused him to drop things.

Nothing in all the world could have induced the young sheik to come to Canada, no, not even his newly found job as valet, had Morton not befuddled him with the promise that the trip implied crossing a grand continent and a jolly summer of roughing it, but the young Frenchman had only a vague idea as to what "continent and roughing it" signified. Had he known anything about geography; had he known anything about the wilds of the north, he would just as readily have thought of taking to lion-taming or to tiger-training as to life among Canadian lumber men. But he had accepted the position of valet to Morton, and he resolved to hold to the job at any cost.

Having at length arrived in a big lumber camp, Francois was informed that this was the end of the journey. The scene of his immediate employment gave him no thrill. The camp, its people, its customs, and all that was going on there were so foreign to anything that he had experienced in earlier life that everything surprised him. In short everything was phenomenal to him. Of course he was a phenomenon to the denizens of the camp to whom he appeared to be as strange and queer as a man from Mars. He was the first valet these rough loggers had ever seen. They were utterly stumped in their attempt to classify him. Cooks, bartenders, waiters, loafers, one and all were familiar types in the camp, and the loggers were accustomed to accept these employees on terms of equality, but a valet, well, such a creature was unheard of. Bull Wallace, the chief teamster of the Hammer-Head outfit, undertook to explain the position of Francois to the logging crew. "He is", said Wallace, "a new bird to me, and I thought I'd seen 'em all. I guess he's a sort of he-hired girl. Mind you, I don't kick how a man earns his pay

check, but there's some jobs that's not of the masculine gender. Foldin' underclothes and handin' socks to a guy that's strong enough to reach 'em himself is one. But at that the Frenchie ain't a bad little frog, and I kinda like him."

For Francois, Bull Wallace was the ideal kind of super-man about whom he had read so much in Zane Grey's romances. No one in all the camp fascinated him more than did this great teamster. To honor and respect the fellow, who could drive six teams of horses as easily as anybody else might drive one team, seemed but natural to the little Frenchman, and the only wish that obtained in his mind was to become equal in fame to this respectable and popular fellow. On his part, Bull Wallace displayed a very evident attachment for Francois, but finding that no statement however exaggerated, no lie however monstrous proved too hard for him to swallow, he fed him liberally on both to the boisterous amusement of the entire horny-handed crew.

It was not at all beyond Bull Wallace to play even a practical joke on his young friend. One day Francois was observed to limp. He had been required to do a great deal of hustling as valet to "Boss" Morton, who had one of his special fits of ill-humor, and when these fits were upon him, nothing in all the world could please him. On such occasions Francois found his job as valet a most disagreeable task. For the greater part of the day he had been on his feet. In spite of their softness, his kidskin shoes that had to be a trifle tight in order to satisfy French taste, had caused a corn to develop. He made known the source of his agony very confidentially to Wallace, who had inquired rather sympathetically about the cause for limping. In-

stantly the big teamster appeared interested to secure relief for his young friend, but roguish and jocose bully that he was, the relief that he offered had to be in the nature of a trick. Accordingly he led Francois to a snowdrift and bade him put his feet into the snow and keep them buried there as long as he felt comfortable. A few daily treatments of this kind, Wallace insisted, would work a surprising cure.

Francois followed out this treatment rigorously for several days to the great amusement of all in the camp. But gradually chilblains resulted and brought sore discomfiture to the little valet. Though the loggers were a rough crew of men, yet they did not delight in seeing useless suffering, and some of them did not hesitate to enter upon a rather serious argument with Bull Wallace because of the deception that he had practiced on a purely helpless and innocent boy. The big teamster found himself in a quandary and at length reluctantly admitted that he was at fault; but he could not refrain from kidding Francois. Snow, he maintained, surely would cure corns but, of course, a fellow must be able to bear the treatment. He knew this to be a fact, so he assured all who would listen to him, from personal experience. Why, he had cured more than a dozen corns on his own feet by using snow. But the corn that Francois had, he proceeded to affirm, was a very vicious one, and to cure it ice would be necessary. The curative action of ice on corns, he stoutly asserted, was due to the medicinal property of ice worms. But he allowed that the treatment was in the nature of a horse cure, and that Francois surely could not bear the action of the ice worms.

Ice worms! Francois had never heard of such a thing before, but the burly teamster hastened to enlighten him. Surely Francois had noticed the long

lines that ran like threads through chunks of ice? They were bored by nematodes. Nature had made this variety of worm transparent to protect it from enemies. Enough of these worms, if properly prepared, would make a delicious soup, for they had the flavor of snails, but the cooking had to be done with the greatest care or the worms would evaporate. The story made Francois gape with wonder.

Much other surprisingly odd information came to the young Frenchman from his friend, the great teamster. He learned, for instance, that the full moon was visible only on Friday nights, and that the animal known as the side-hill gouger has two short legs on the left side and two long ones on the right side so that it could graze in comfort on steep mountain slopes. On level ground, of course, this animal would be helpless, for its deformity would compel it to run in circles. But Francois began to take note how others leered when Wallace distributed his remarkable information, and very soon doubt took the place of gullability on his part.

Bull Wallace, however, continued to be a hero in the eyes of the young Frenchman in spite of the fact that there was sufficient and good reason to doubt the truthfulness of his words. When the big bully, therefore, on one occasion assured Francois that, being an agile youth, he certainly must be a good boxer, the young Frenchman could not be kept from donning the gloves. Of course Wallace merely toyed with him, sidestepped his rushes, rubbed his face with the gloves, and occasionally flicked his nose with them. The camp crew went wild with laughter at the performance. For Francois it was a matter of extreme mortification. He wept from vexation. He could not be angry with Wallace, but he was chagrined

with himself. Oh, if he could only be a real he-man like was the stout, burly teamster!

For the following several weeks the routine of the logging camp was unbroken as an unexpected amount of hard work suddenly came along. Then one day an exciting bit of news set everybody by the ears. Rumor spread that over at Run Creek a lone wood-cutter had been mauled sore by a big brown bear. The entire camp was quickly aroused by the report, and "Boss" Morton organized a party to hunt the beast for such game was a highly prized trophy in the wilds of Canada. As usual, Wallace spoofed Francois about bears. He boasted that bears were his "dish" and should he ever fail to lay a bear cold at the first shot, he would promptly "ear" him down and ride him into camp. But, he observed warningly, that bears are mighty affectionate and that they loved dancing, and that it would assuredly be wise for Francois to stay away from them, for it was their ugly habit to waltz a person to death. The little Frenchman swallowed, but as Wallace noticed, he did not swallow as easily as had been usual with him.

The supplies of the hunting party together with their guns having been placed on a wagon, Bull Wallace, as was to be expected, took up the lines to do the driving. Francois begged to be taken along. Several of the men, however, objected saying that they would not have a sissy-fellow whose shoes gave him corns in their company on a hunting round that was plainly to be rough, raw, and dangerously adventurous. No, they would allow only he-men, men who walked in balmorals, to go with them. Francois understood the meaning of their objecting to his company. He hurried away and after a few minutes returned as roughly clad and as roughly shod as any of the crew. He was surprised to note how his

changed appearance worked a change in the attitude of the coarse loggers towards him. He was not only allowed to join in the hunting expedition, but the gruff timber moilers even greeted him with the respect that they were accustomed to show to one another. Francois had made a discovery. He found that feet shod in kidskins could not very well walk on a level with those shod with balmorals. Never before had he enjoyed the companionship of the logging crew as much as he did now. Even Wallace seemed to be disarmed at the unusual appearance of Francois; he found it awkward and out of place to continue his customary deceiving and spoofing.

Having arrived at Run Creek the hunting party pitched a central camp from which all operations connected with the bear hunt were to be directed. On the following several days no success came to the hunters as far as bears were concerned. Of mornings and noons they rode out into the wilds merely to return for their meals without having fired a shot. "Boss" Morton now decided to make the hunt more effective. He divided the crew into groups and ordered them to go in opposite directions. Bull Wallace insisted that Francois should belong to his group, for, as he said, "should any game pop into sight, the ornery Frenchman could give service by mindin' the plugs." To this demand "Boss" Morton agreed.

Much shouting and whistling from Wallace and his men failed, however, to bring any response from Francois. For them this matter was a real surprise as in the past the Frenchman had always been on tiptoe to answer the least wink, beck, or call. Finally they decided to go without him. Wallace above all others was anxious that the greatly prized trophy, the big brown bear, should belong to his group of hunters. He worked hard at hunting that morning,

and in riding, running, searching none of his men lagged behind him. But all was to no purpose; no game of the kind they were looking for came within gunshot. Becoming disgruntled with the futility of the hunt they were minded to return to the camp for dinner. Just then a shot rang out, and it was not very distant either. Wallace and those who were near him rushed in the direction of the shot, and quickly found themselves astonished beyond words. There stood Francois with his Winchester ready for another shot, and at a short distance from him lay the body of the big brown bear. "There she am," exclaimed the young Frenchman beaming with joy. Wallace and his men had to speak words of praise in spite of being deeply envious and chagrined.

For Francois the hour of triumph had now arrived, and in the following words he told the bunch just what he thought of them.

"I got som'ping to tell you fellers," he began rather grandly, "for a long time Francois is been funny joke for you. He's valet; he's servant-man. You mek' wait on you, cook your grub, wash your dishes. You name 'im frog, oh, you brave huntsmen. Yes, you all run the other way. Now Francois 'ill tell you what he t'ink of you. He t'ink you a lot of big, lazy, lousy bums. He do nothin' more for you. When he dress like you, then he's right with you, when not in such dress, he's all wrong. He go to Frenchtown nearby where French people are, with them he live in honor, an' between you and me there be no 'au revoir'. Take your bear."

Saying these words Francois turned, took his horse and rode to the chief camp of the Hammer-Head Corporation. Here he packed his luggage, and "Boss" Morton, Bull Wallace, and the others of the Hammer-Head outfit saw him no more. On the following day

Wallace was heard to say, "What a pity that the young Frenchman has left us; now we must again wash our own dishes. A pity, sure, sure; he was just comin' to be one of us; but we teased him too much; now he's goin' to croak again with the Frogs. What a pity, sure, sure! How well he was comin' to live with us, now that he had learned that to be like our company and to be a man in these parts, he must wear balmorals.

Thos. T. Clayton '31.

A GROTTO

The lamp of day is burning low, the length'ning shadows creep;

Softly the evening breezes blow, lulling all earth to sleep.

No sound save of a cooing dove is heard. Though far yet near,

Its plaintive notes so faint and low excite with love and fear

A humble man who through the dusk is moving silent, lone;

His steps are to a wooded knoll; he goes to Mary's home.

There 'mid the walls of solid rocks a little statue stands,

Away from all the scorns and mocks dealt out by impious hands.

He enters; in the twilight kneels, and lifts his eyes above;

And from his heart begs the embrace, the Mother's kiss of love.

His simple "Ave" spoken oft', he sees nor right nor left,

But turns his eyes on her alone, as though of all bereft.

Then lo! in accents soft and sweet, his Mother makes reply:

"Be calm, my child, though hard the toil, your Mother aye is nigh.

"The spot on which your knees now rest was worn for age and age,

When once the love for me was much, of pauper, king, and sage.

"At even's twilight oft' they came to greet me with a word;

From rich and poor it was the same; by naught were they deterred.

"Like them, my son, to me you came, to hearken to my voice;

Rest then your fears; calm sighs, dry tears; through me do all rejoice."

Thus speaks to him the spotless maid, and thus her charge she leads

To Him who promised from the cross to bless her clients' deeds.

Up from his knees the humble man springs lightly, heart at ease;

From life have gone his many cares; his soul is now at peace.

As calmly as the silent dove sleeps in the moon-bathed night,

So calmly breathes this favored one, by Mary's rays made bright.

Hugo Uhrich, '30.

SMILES TO GIVE AWAY

A great old dramatist, ah, well, his name is too widely known to allow any repetition of it, says in one of his plays that has done much to make him famous and is as well-known as he is himself, "He that steals my purse, steals trash; but he who robs me of my good name, steals that which not enriches him, but makes me poor indeed." Everybody believes these words to be true, and they are true, but he who steals a smile, or even only a smirk, from someone in moments of distress, vexation, or what is worse—despair, takes that which makes nobody poor, but makes the one who steals it rich, indeed, that is rich in good feeling.

There is a variety of conduct, or disposition that people can cultivate which will make them wealthy in the possession of just this sort of social coin the distribution of which will not make their purses lighter, but will make others feel as if their pockets were well-filled, namely, the social coin of cheerfulness. Everybody likes a genial and sunny face, but not everybody tries to acquire the look that his face as a human being should display. Only too often, and for too long a period of time, are the faces that people turn towards each other marred by the grinning lines peculiar to the species called gorillas, and that too, with the indication that they are filled with the feelings which this sample of semi-quadruped experiences. Would it not be much better for everybody concerned to wear on his face that God-given badge of real humanity, namely, a broad, cheery smile, rather than ally himself with the

ugliest variety of brute by distorting his face with the lines of a doggish grin?

It is only too common, and too common in spite of being intolerable, to see people drag themselves through life's span as if they were continuously marching in a funeral procession. If any question be put to them regarding their health, their business, their feeling, their only answer is a "wail", quite as if they were filled to the gills with the sentiment of that gloomy poem, "The Bridge of Sighs" and were forever reciting, "One More Unfortunate, Weary of Breath"; ah, well, if you like the poem read it yourself, I shall not quote its clammy lines any further. I would just as lief spend my time reading old Michael Wigglesworth's "Day of Doom" which at least has the saving grace of jigging and whistling about it.

How sharply does not the look, speech, and bearing of the really cheerful person contrast with the wails, sighs, and suspirations of the fellow who is all "sloppy weather" in and outside of himself? The first infuses courage into the heart of everyone whom he meets; the latter sends chills, aches, and discomfort into the feelings of those whom he encounters. He enters into conversation merely because it affords an opportunity to stir up gloom, discouragement, and discontent; for these matters are his stock-in-trade merchandise which he is always willing to sell at the price of good feeling in others. Only the person who has a heartache, whether real or imaginary, can be a welcomed associate of his, and the one matter that is of supreme interest to him regarding himself and those with whom he comes into contact is to secure any and every kind of protection against the invasion of good cheer. What a

joy it would be to him to live in a world of clouds, bats, and caves! A world into which the rosy fingers of morn would never reach to tear away the somber shroud of gloom that conceals his pet virtue of bellyaching is just the kind of world in which he would find himself agreeably at home.

The person who has smiles to give away, however, makes the little spot of this earth on which he moves and lives out his existence a bright and happy place for others as well as for himself. To meet him in the morning means to get an inspiration from his greeting which makes the day's task easier; his handshake puts a hearty thrill of vigor into the pulse of those whom he salutes. Of course he cannot lift the burden of labor, distress, disease from the shoulders of people, but he does make it perceptibly easier for them to bear these annoyances. There is one ailment, however, for which the person with a smile is a great relief, and that ailment is the one most common among people, namely, worry. A person given to worrying finds the smiles of his fellow men more bracing than nerve tonics. What else could be the meaning of the words that nervous Tom addresses to happy Mike, "Say, Mike, the sight of you is a cure for sore eyes," than that Mike's cheerfulness works relief for Tom's jaded nerves?

Recently the opinion of modern philosophers with respect to happiness and cheerfulness in life was published in a newspaper. Briefly, the opinion was that ten things are necessary for happiness and cheerfulness; a good digestion—oh, yes, the other nine—money. Whether this opinion be true or false is of no consequence as far as this essay is concerned; "smiles" is the subject of this bit of writing and not

philosophical opinions. I have a story in mind that goes far towards clarifying the idea that I am trying to communicate to others in these pages. One day I was waiting for my turn in a barber shop. The conversation carried on between a colored bootblack and a rather wealthy looking lawyer happened to draw my attention. The lawyer who was all frowns bewailed his age and his rheumatism. Presently the bootblack inquired, "How old is ye, sah?" The lawyer replied slowly,

"I have been on this cold earth for fifty-two long years now, and my happy days have been few and far between. By the way, Andy, how old are you?"

"If ye reckons my yeas, sah," the bootblack answered, "I'se twenty-five, but if ye goes by the fun I'se had, I guess I'se a hundred."

Which of the two was getting the most out of life, the lawyer or the bootblack? The lawyer, no doubt had honor and wealth; the bootblack probably had little more to amuse him than the sight of his smiling face in the glitter of the shoes he was polishing, but he did know how to make life ideal for himself. He was not waiting with his smiles until he should get rich, until he should have occasion to travel abroad, until next year; no, he was making the most out of life just where he was, just then and there. He proved to be a real example of the motto, which, if it were better observed, would make this world a nicer place to live in; "Do your best, keep a smiling face, and you are bound to win."

R. F. Joubert, '31.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

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EDITORIALS

Among the various activities in which the classical student is obliged to share at the present time, literature perhaps warrants the most successful future. Since all students for the priesthood must of necessity take the classical course, it belongs to them in particular to realize the advantages of literary training. In later life they will probably find that the knowledge which they must possess will have to be broad enough to range over a rather wide field of thought, and to this end a thorough understanding of language will be of supreme service.

An excellent command of language is a most valuable asset for a person in any walk of life, but for the classical student it is indispensable. Does he not look for a training that will help him to communicate ideas readily? Does he intend to imprison his learning in his own head? If not, then he will do well to understand that the study of literature has a deep claim on his attention. Quite as evolutionists are often disarmed in argument by the statement that "Like produces like," so the classical student may find himself disconcerted in his idea that knowledge is the only thing worth getting when he is brought to realize that poor language can only produce poor expression, and that poor expression of thought is disastrous to the communication of knowledge.

As a substantial aid in the development of language, college journalism has made an unobtrusive appearance on most school curriculums. To refuse to admit it into the field of student activities would mean to pluck a valuable gem from the crown of success in years to come. Considering that a student's help is not demanded in an obligatory manner, and that the benefits derived from issuing a local journal are manifold, no cogent reason—except one involving perchance pecuniary difficulties—may be offered to justify the failure of producing some collegiate edition. The realization of this fact evidently finds itself exemplified in all the high schools, colleges, and universities, for, hardly a single one of these institutions may be found which does not reflect college life and college work in some form of paper, pamphlet, journal, or magazine.

The present issue of the Collegian ushers in the

third year of its re-birth. To be justified in promising to the Collegian the same success that it has enjoyed within the last two years would indeed develop a source of joy and ambition for the staff of '29 and '30. The postponement of such a declaration, however, is somewhat due to a drawback that the staff has to cope with. With the sudden and wholly unexpected loss of our chosen editor, the staff lost not only a member who, as a writer, had proved himself valuable, but also the last one of the student-body, who had gained some experience with the staff of '28 and '29. The present editing staff, before whom college journalism looms up as a novelty, nevertheless, is determined to pursue the golden-edged trails of former editions whose contents are the synthesis of an excellent group of Collegian enthusiasts. The editor feels justified in divulging his confidence that the same enthusiasm and hard work, which were evidenced in former Collegians, are again being renewed; and that the enviable standard of the Collegian will never be lowered.

If any student at St. Joseph's College is laboring under the hallucination that the existence of the Collegian is made possible by the subscription of the student-body alone, let him be a little better informed. Advertising constitutes a living force in the circulation of any paper, journal, or magazine. That the Collegian is no exception in this respect is evident. The business men of our neighboring city have willingly responded to our call for assistance. With no intention of material gain, but in the spirit of good will, they have given valuable help primarily for the sake of aiding the publication of our journal. Numerous outside boosters have also expressed their

wish of again seeing the Collegian in print by sending in their requests for ads. As a consequence, we, the students of St. Joseph's College, owe them, one and all, our heartiest thanks. These may best be rendered in the way of various purchases that are to be made within the ensuing school year. Let us give the preference of a purchase to a faithful advertiser and loyal supporter.

BOOKS

Books are the monuments of minds
Which have so much in store,
Besides the riches of all kinds
That's found in them galore.

But only they that enter in
Can find such treasures old,
And all the things so grand within,
Which are so manifold.

From men, you know, books ask no wage,
Although I'd gladly give
Even the world's best heritage
That only books may live.

Now every book is good, well used,
As everyone does know,
But what of all things known, abused,
As often readers show.

But if we take the proper care
Each book will be to us
A joy, and make us all its heir
To things magnanimous.

Francis Weiner, '30.

EXCHANGES

Everybody, at some time or other, has had occasion to read articles such as the "Vox Pop" in "Liberty" and similar publications. The opinions expressed in these articles tell what people think of the publication and are a source of boasting or of disappointment for the papers and magazines concerned. Of course, most of the letters sent to such sections as the "Vox Pop" are more or less wise cracks rather than criticisms, and by far the majority of readers peruse these sections in periodicals for the purpose of amusement with no intention to take them seriously.

But the editorial that goes under the title, "Exchanges" is not meant to serve as a joke column and should not be regarded as such. The "Vox Pop," however, and the "Exchanges" have to some extent a close relation. They are both intended for the same end, namely, to make the paper or magazine in question seek for improvement, but they are both dissimilar in that the "Vox Pop" is not the expression of opinion coming from another magazine, but rather from the public; while the "Exchanges" have the dignity of comment and knocks that proceed from the opinions held by school journals. It might be very interesting if school journals were to carry a "Vox Pop", but then, as everybody on the staffs of school journals knows, the circulation is too limited to allow a demand to be made for real "Popular Voxing".

In place of a "Vox Pop" we of the Collegian Staff shall be very much pleased to note that other

school journals are telling us what they think of our work. To be sure we shall try to do our best, but for all that we know we are not perfect, and whatever other journals find in the Collegian that is to our credit or blame, we shall gladly receive their opinions in the knowledge that it will be to our best interest and will aid us in arriving at least to some degree of perfection in the work that has fallen to our share.

It is a well-known fact that the commencement numbers of school journals are usually of such excellent quality that no other observation could be made of them except the general one, namely, that they are one and all worthy of the greatest praise. It is praise, therefore, that we mean to give to the issues of all our exchanges that come to us at or towards the close of school. We earnestly hope that we shall have occasion to repeat this praise frequently with respect to everyone of our exchanges throughout the present school year.

There is just one thing that we desire to emphasize very particularly, and that is a hearty welcome to everyone of our old-time exchanges back to our sanctum. Come along, everyone of you, let's have a real jolly time of it for the next many months.

LIBRARY NOTES

Some may wonder as to the purpose of this department of the Collegian. Any serious-minded person would surely not look to these notes for entertainment. For this we would refer the reader to the column headed "Free Air, Hot and Otherwise".

The caption "Library Notes" suggests in itself something pertaining to literature and the reading of books. Our endeavor for the coming scholastic year is to keep our readers informed as to the latest and—in our judgment—the best books which have been placed on the shelves of the College library. We do not, of course, claim to be professional reviewers or critics, but we aim to cull from current reviews that which may best be applied to our library.

We must always bear this fact in mind, however, that the books which time and the general agreement of cultivated and sound-thinking minds have placed among the classics stand supreme and can hardly be surpassed by any of the present-day literature. For, after all, any book that can stand the various changes of time and may still be listed among the great literary works, has gone through the acid test of real literature.

But granted the worth of some of the modern literary productions, the question that immediately arises in our mind is, "Just what of this literature is fit for our consumption?" The answer is, there are many ways of selecting the best of present-day works, but we will suggest only one, that found in Ernest Dimnet's "The Art of Thinking". He tells us that "Nobody can twit you with an affectation of indifference to the present time if you leave out the books which you find are forgotten three months, that is to say, twelve short weeks, after their publication. Do not read those. You will be surprised to see how few there will be left to read."

The feverish excitement often produced on the publication of many books, and which the unsuspecting public finds hard to resist, is entirely commercial and artificially created by publishers. If one would

arrange for himself a list of the American writers whose works published several years ago are still on the shelves where the eye and hand occasionally travel he would then have those few which it would be unforgivable to desert, even for far superior reading. Notoriety, high as it is above mere publicity, is still many degrees below fame.

What books you are to read, you yourself should know best; a critic, least. A book, like a landscape, varies with each individual reader. Nobody can think our thoughts for us. Some people get more real value and thought out of a collection of good poems than others get out of the same collection and several more like it. Bearing this fact in mind, we offer these reviews as an aid to the reader in his selection of reading material and hope thereby to create interest in him for the best among current literary productions.

SOCIETIES

At the opening of every school year almost every student finds himself aroused from the lethargy of vacation to the realization of the work which confronts him. He usually resolves to break all his past records and to accomplish something really worth while during the ensuing year. He is filled with ambition and enthusiasm.

This spirit which characterizes each individual consequently pervades the various groups formed by such individuals. It is under the influence of such an atmosphere that the various clubs and societies of a school are reorganized each year.

That official societies are an asset, in fact a necessity, to any school is a well grounded statement,

for, without societies, the students would be like a heap of mosaic tiles. Like the tiles, they might be perfect in every respect, but they need the hand of the artist, "Society" to place them in their proper relation to one another, and the cement of "Loyal Spirit" to hold them in their places in order to form a masterpiece, a unit of perfect harmony.

We, as students of St. Joseph's College, have imbibed that necessary "Loyal Spirit", and we are afforded the opportunity of showing it in the social organs of the College. It is merely a case of "give and take". We give ourselves and our abilities to our societies, and we take in return an inestimable amount of experience and benefit in material, social, and spiritual treasures,—and all this seasoned with the mellow honey of friendship. Under these conditions only can we benefit from the four official societies of St. Joseph's College.

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Columbian Literary Society was reorganized at a meeting called by the Reverend Moderator, Father Ildephonse Rapp, on September 15. At this meeting the members showed keen judgment in the choice of a capable set of officers for the first semester. These officers are: John Kraus, president; Daniel Nolan, vice-president; Marcellus Dreiling, secretary; Joseph Herod, treasurer; Thomas Durkin, critic; Virgil Van Oss, Killian Dreiling, and Hugo Uhrich, executive committee. The Reverend Director appointed Richard Bauman, marshal, and Raymond Guillozet and Ralph Luthman, stage-managers.

At the second meeting of the year the membership of the C. L. S. was doubled by the admission

of some fifty new members. Most of these formed last year's Newman Club which did very splendid dramatic work. With the addition of such talent, the hopes of making the C. L. S. of '29 and '30 the best ever, are easily substantiated.

We are anxiously awaiting the first public program of the C. L. S. which is arranged for the eve of Columbus Day.

NEWMAN CLUB

During the past few years the members of the class of '32 have shown a particular interest in class meetings and programs. It is entirely reasonable therefore, that as Newmanites they should be Newman-lights. At the initial meeting arranged by Father Ildephonse Rapp, Lawrence Ernst was appointed chairman pro tem. and Joseph Otte was chosen secretary pro tem. The main feature of this organization meeting was the election of officers who shall conduct the Newman Club on the first half of its annual trip to success. Arthur Reineck was easily elected president, and Joseph Otte was chosen vice-president by acclamation. The other officers are: Gilbert Wirtz, secretary; Maurice Meyers, treasurer; Robert Nieset, critic. Composing the executive committee are: Herman Schnurr, chairman, Howard Hoover, and Lawrence Ernst. As marshal the Reverend Moderator appointed Vincent Mallifski.

With this set of officers the Newman Club hopes to attain success and renown in their activities of the coming semester.

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

As in the past three years, Father Cyrille Knue will direct the Dwenger Mission Unit in the accomplishment of its purpose, namely, to instruct the members of the Unit in missionary life and conditions, and to try to aid the missionaries, not only financially, but primarily by the use of man's strongest weapon, prayer.

At the first meeting of the year Thomas Durkin presided as chairman pro tem. The results of the annual elections were: Bela Szemetko, president; Francis Kienly, vice-president; Bernard DeMars, secretary; Joseph Gibson, treasurer; and Joseph Allgeier, librarian.

During the counting of the ballots a varied program was held consisting of a spirited address by Rouleau Joubert, entitled, "A Plea for the Missions"; a humoruos dialogue between Alois Landwehr and Joseph Otte; and several choice musical selections by a trio composed of Cletus Bihn, James Maloney, and Francis Weiner.

RALEIGH CLUB

Following the same method of conducting the smoking club as existed last year, the Reverend Moderator, Father Landoll, appointed as representatives of the various classes: Wendelin Dreiling, Russel Gillig, Ralph Boker, Joseph Sheeran, Walter Steiger, and Fred Kreiter. The first meeting, held Sunday, September 22, was conducted by Wendelin Dreiling, chairman, and Joseph Sheeran, secretary.

In an address Father Landoll explained the various projects which the club would try to execute

during the year. Among other things the club intends to stage a major play or minstrel to swell its treasury.

A committee of three was elected to take care of the initiation of new members, as well as to provide for the entertainments of the year. John Kraus, chairman, Herman Reineck, and Bela Szemetko compose this committee. From all indications the Raleigh Club will continue in its steady pace toward all-around perfection during the coming year.

ALUMNI NOTES

Just listen to this! "I can't be without a Collegian. Please keep me on the subscription list. Yours for a big 'Collegian' year." These sentiments were expressed in a letter from one of the class of '28, namely, Edward Siegman C.P.P.S., St. Charles Seminary, Carthagena, Ohio. He also mentions that all of the class of '29 have fallen into line with the rest and that they brought along with them their St. Joe pep. May success be theirs.

To all graduates of '29, who are now continuing their studies at St. Gregory's Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio, the Collegian extends most cordial greetings in this its first issue of the present school year. To be sure, dear old boys, everyone here at St. Joseph's cherishes your memory quite fondly and wishes you every success.

Bernard O'Neil, a graduate of '27, made a short call at the college this summer. He was on his way to San Francisco where he intends to work.

The Reverends Walter Pax C.P.P.S., Gilbert Esser

C.P.P.S., Bernard Scharf C.P.P.S., and Joseph Rohling C.P.P.S. are taking up a post-graduate course at the Catholic University of Washington, Washington, D. C.

As Alumni editor, I would certainly appreciate a few words in the form of either letter, article, or suggestion from any of you, Alumni. Your contribution will make this column an enjoyable one and especially so for those who wait in expectation of those notes every month. So please let me hear from you.

IN MEMORIAM

On July 24, the angel of death summoned the soul of Father Didacus Brackmann C.P.P.S., thus ending a great career in the sacred ministry. For twenty-seven years he served God as a priest, and the greater part of this time was spent in educating young men for the holy priesthood.

Father Didacus was born at Neunkirchen Hanover, Germany on December 27, 1875. As a young man he came to this country with his brother, Rev. Theodosius Brackmann. In 1892 we find him attending St. Joseph's, where he had a high standing in his classes and took a prominent part in student activities, so that the Collegian, even today, is proud of the fact that at one time Father Didacus was a member of its staff.

Following his graduation in 1899, Father Didacus entered St. Charles Seminary, and was ordained on December 17, 1902. Since that time he filled various prominent positions at the different institutions of learning of the Society of the Precious Blood.

The last of these was the rectorship of St. Joseph's College, from which he retired in 1927 to be chaplain and spiritual director of the Sisters of Notre Dame, at Milwaukee, Wis. This position he held until his illness, last March, necessitated his removal to the Alexian Brothers' hospital, where cancer ended his life in July.

Those of us who had the good fortune to follow the guidance of Father Didacus shall long remember him as a kind father, who with unbounded patience, solicitous care, and undying zeal worked for righteousness and education. Many are the students who profited by his kind advice and timely exhortations. He had words of sympathy for the afflicted, of encouragement for the disheartened, and was always ready to extend his help in trial and difficulty. May He Rest In Peace!

LOCALS

Recent visitors at the College were: Rev. Lawrence Monahan, Lafayette, Ind.; The Rev. James Fitzgerald, Oxford, Ind.; The Rev. Fred Rothermel, Reynolds, Ind.; The Rev. F. Ehrsin, C.P.P.S., Appleton, Wis.; The Rev. L. Plumanns, Lima, Ohio; The Rev. Thomas Conroy, Fort Wayne, Ind.; The Rev. Lawrence Eberle, Avilla, Ind.; The Rev. Marcellus T. Lambilatte, Lima, Ohio; The Rev. Leo Faurote, Wanatah, Ind.; The Rev. Carl Finsel, Tiro, Ohio; The Rev. C. A. Suelzer, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; The Rev. Paul Barret, Paducah, Ky.; The Rev. John Nadolny, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; The Rev. John D. Fallon, Paducah, Kentucky.

The imperative bell in the dormitory on September 11, announcing the first day of school, ended the sonorous concert given by the largest student body in the history of St. Joseph's. While young men from far and near are found among the enrollment of three hundred and twenty-five, Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky have the greatest representation.

Officially opening the new scholastic year, was a Solemn Highmass, celebrated by Rev. L. Plumanns of Lima, Ohio. Rev. Rufus Eßer C.P.P.S. and Rev. Henry Lucks C.P.P.S. assisted as deacon and subdeacon respectively. The Rev. Cyrille Knue C.P.P.S. was master of ceremonies.

According to custom, the Highmass on the first Sunday of the school year was celebrated by our reverend rector, Father Kenkel. In his address of welcome he pointed out to the students how a faithful practice of the cardinal virtues—prudence, justice, temperance, and fortitude—would assure them of success during the coming year.

Monday, September 16, was proclaimed free by the law of proverbs. Scouting about the country roads, trying to tire their walking muscles is the way some enjoyed the morning; others, however, preferred to play Indian in the wilderness about the Iroquois. General permission to go to the city in the afternoon was used by practically everyone to see Lon Chaney in "Thunder". Whether the water scene in the picture had anything to do with the atmosphere outside, we do not know—well, anyhow it was rather wet when we walked home.

At a recent meeting of the Society of the Precious Blood, Fr. Joseph Kenkel was elected First Adviser of the Community—a position next to that of the

Provincial. The Collegian staff, joins with the students in extending to Fr. Kenkel, our rector, heartiest congratulations, together with many sincere wishes for success in the fulfillment of these additional duties entrusted to his care.

Since the operation which Spalding Miles had undergone last spring proved unsuccessful he is unable to return this fall. Marcellus Dreiling, therefore, has been appointed editor of the Collegian, and Francis Weiner, assistant editor. That the new journalists may have unbounded success, and that Spalding Miles will soon be enjoying perfect health again, is the wish of the student body.

The summer just past has witnessed many improvements at St. Joe's. Scarcely had the last cheer of the happy graduates been silenced, when masons and painters, carpenters and workmen of every description began work in real earnest. It seemed as if the silence of the ever ringing class bell, called hammer and shovel, trowel and brush to recondition the old college for another year of hard work. Improvements about the lawns and buildings are especially in evidence.

This year the west lawn seems to have gained some new power of attraction. Every now and then some young admirer of nature can be seen standing at a distance and viewing with mouth open the splendor of the dying day as the sun's last rays steal through the winding hedge of bridal wreath, and shine upon the clustering flowers beyond. A beautiful aquarium in the midst of the flower garden adds that touch which makes the west lawn the most charming spot at St. Joe's.

Here not long ago one might have seen the ruins of an old foundation, but a magic touch it seems transformed them into a crystal pool with goldfish. These old walls, slightly reinforced, and deepened, now form a beautiful pond. Through the center is a new wall that divides the aquarium into two sections, making the first four feet in depth, and the second three. The walls, a foot in thickness, are set off at the top by a choice selecetion of cobblestones. Here and there, through the clear water, one may see little houses, tunnels and artistic pillars of every shape and size. For the poor fish that have an inclination towards athletics, there are trapezes of every variety. If any wish to doll up a bit for their afternoon stroll—they'll find plenty of water. Or if some prefer a shower they need only resort to the cool fountain that plies for their benefit. There is every reason that the goldfish should feel content in their new home.

As one follows the cinder path that leads from the drive and encircles the new lake, he passes a monument built of rocks. The diameter of this structure at the base is approximately seven feet and the height about twelve. Its appearance, as it towers above the young pines is rather imposing, for it stands there like a sentry guarding neighboring plants and trees.

One fine day last summer E. A. Richardson stopped in for just a tiny visit. Surely no one has forgotten the pleasing program with which "Big Rich" entertained us last spring. With anticipation do the students await the day when this popular artist will be back with more laughs and beautiful poems. Welcome "Big Rich"!

It is with a feeling of deep sorrow that the students of St. Joseph's learn of the death of Stephen Tatar's mother. They extend to him their sincere sympathy in his recent bereavement.

ATHLETICS

Grid Prospects for St. Joe's 1929 Season

When the referee's whistle signals for the pig-skin to be kicked-off in the opening game of the football season, a great scrap will be expected on the chalk marked field.

For several weeks five pennant fighting teams have gone through their daily training. For several weeks a couple hundred students have been waiting to see which team is the strongest. By the looks of things these students will have to wait a few more weeks. To say just which class can boast of the best team is very hard. This year St. Joe has some fighting teams, the like of which have never been seen on the local campus for many years. A treat surely is in store for the fans this year.

As no games have yet been scheduled, we can merely make a few preliminary remarks about each team.

The Sixths being noted for their fighting spirit, seem to be the high bidders for the pennant. The Sixths were the strong bidders for the pennant last year but lost out in the last minute of play to the champion Sixths of '29. This year, however, the Sixths have lost one of their best fighters, namely, Joe Weigel. Weigel will be missed, but an addition also will be made in the person of Joe Herod. Two

years ago Joe was the All-Star quarterback, so Joe will, in all probability, add much strength to the Seniors.

The Sixths will not, however, carry away the rag if the Fifths or Fourths can help it.

The Fifths in past years have always given the pennant winners a good fight. Although a few weak spots seem to be on the team, we are expecting great things from the College Freshmen. They have, however, lost some of last season's players but have a few new members.

The Fourths, the team of last year's four horsemen, can boast of the fastest backfield in the league even though one of the four has not returned to school. George Lanoue, the flashy youth from Hammond, will fill Mr. Modrijan's place very well. Without a doubt Mgr. Strasser with his fast backfield and much improved line will give any other team a good chase for the pennant.

Mention must also be made of the Thirds, under the management of Frederick Follmar, and of the newly organized Seconds.

The Thirds have to suffer the loss of a few good men due to the fact that the missing players are but in Second year. With several new men added to the class, the Thirds may pull off something unexpected and cause considerable trouble for the pennant winners.

As for the Sophomores, who under the leadership of Coach Mathieu and Mgr. Kirchner, drill daily on the campus, very little is known. We are, however, expecting a good fight from the Seconds. Most of their members have had very little pigskin experience. Come on Seconds, show your fight.

When a fellow takes a stroll about the campus

while these five squads are practicing, he will easily conclude that this season will excel all other football seasons at St. Joe's.

Not to mention the Juniors in this writing would make this column incomplete. The Juniors, under the management of Gilbert Wirtz, will probably surpass all previous years in Junior League history. Although the teams have not yet been selected, we can see by the number of youngsters on the campus, knocking the old pigskin around, that a very promising season is at hand. Since the Junior League was started in nineteen twenty-six, it has improved steadily and has shown itself very beneficial to the Senior League in preparing the younger students for this league.

The following is the complete Senior-League football schedule for the 1929 season:—

1. Thirds vs Fifths
2. Fourths vs Seconds
3. Sixths vs Thirds
4. Fifths vs Fourths
5. Seconds vs Sixths
6. Fourths vs Thirds
7. Fifths vs Sixths
8. Thirds vs Seconds
9. Fourths vs Sixths
10. Fifths vs Seconds

Thanksgiving Day:—Annual College-High game.

Athletic Managers for the school year are as follows:—

- General Athletic Manager, Robert Weis, '30.
Junior Athletic Manager, Gilbert Wirtz, '32.
General Tennis Manager, Fred Moore, '30.

FREE AIR---HOT AND OTHERWISE

Inquisitive old man (slumming in New York): "Well, well poor boy; so your father is dead. How did he die?"

Urchin (who can't be bothered): "Aw he strangled to death. He was sitting in a lunch room eatin' some horse meat when some guy yells, "Whoa," and the stuff stopped in his throat."

Faber: What are those holes in that fence?

Bauman: Those are knot holes.

Faber: Why, they are too holes.

Always demand genuine parts, they are the best.
Ask the man with the wooden leg, he knows.

Teacher: You are late for school again this morning, Samuel! Why?

Sam: Oh, the bell always rings before I get here.

There was a young salesman named Phipps.
Who married on one of his trips
A widow named Block
And he got quite a shock
When he found that there were six little chips!

A student failed in an examination in all the subjects he was taking.

He telegraphed to his brother, "Failed in all Five. Prepare papa."

The brother telegraphed back, "Papa prepared. Prepare yourself."

Baron: Ouch! I bumped my crazy bone.

Reineck: Oh, well, comb your hair right and the bump won't show.

Gillig: Who invented wrist watches?

Schmidt: Some fellow in Switzerland.

Gillig: No it was a Scotchman.

Schmidt: Why should a Scotchman invent them?

Gillig: Because they hate to take anything out of their pockets.

It takes fourteen hundred nuts to keep a Ford together, but it takes only one nut to tear it apart.

"Here," cried the fish warden. "What are you doing? Don't you know that you are not allowed to catch fish here?"

The angler who had sat three hours without a nibble turned and surveyed the official sourly. "I'm not catchin' 'em," he retorted peevishly; "I'm feedin' 'em."

"What lady, not fresh eggs? Eggs that just came from the country?"

"What country?"

Two of the more adventurous boys were taking a look around the grounds to see some of the latest improvements.

Gibson: What's the idea of that pile of rocks over there near the flower garden?

Duray: O, they expect a lake and some fish to spring up around it.

He: If you will give me your telephone number I'll call you up some time.

She: It's in the book.

He: Fine! What's your name?

She: That's in the book too.

A real estate salesman of the West had just finished describing the glorious opportunities of that part of the country. "All the West needs to become the garden spot of the world," he said, "is good people and water."

"Huh!" replied the prospect. "That's all H—— needs."

"Why is it," asked the fair young city lassie, "that this cow has no horns?"

"Well, you see," explained the farmer, "some cows are born without horns and never have any, others shed theirs, and some we dehorn. Some breeds are not supposed to have any at all. There's lots of reasons why some cows have no horns, but the big reason why that cow has no horns, is because she is no cow—she's a horse."

Lady (who has given beggar a quarter): "Don't imagine I believe in you. I only give you this because I like giving."

Beggar: "Well, make it a dollar lady, and thoroughly enjoy yourself."

If a boy is real naughty his mother apologizes by saying: "He's just like his father."

If you can't laugh at the jokes, of the age, laugh at the age of the jokes.

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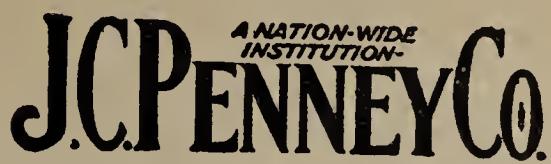
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